

## Girls Who "Hang Around"

Feminine Revelation and Confession That Is All Too True.

"COME on to lunch. I've got lots of money today," and the Ordinary Girl grinned cheerfully at the Blue Stocking as she dangled a purse alluringly before her eyes.

"Where'd you get it?" questioned the Blue Stocking, with true feminine curiosity.

"Honestly—it's come by honestly, my dear. Don't let your tender conscience prick, but come down to the hotel and have a lunch that will warm the cockles of your heart. It's all very well to say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So it is. But the girls like goodies, too. I do, at any rate, and I'm not afraid to own it." The Ordinary Girl averted her head before the mirror, tipped her hat to a more becoming angle and glared aggressively at the freckles that were already beginning to show across the bridge of her nose.

The Blue Stocking was getting herself into her outer garments. "Quite right," she announced, her tones slightly obstructed because of the hat pins between her teeth. "We do like good things, and we're emancipated enough not to be driven to eating them off the pantry shelf, between meals, as did our delicate pale-faced grandmothers. Have you money enough for a two-inch steak with fixings?"

"Yes, and a chicken salad, and—oh, well, you'll see. Just hurry." The Blue Stocking hurried, with the result that an hour or so later two young women with happy faces leaned back and drew sighs of deep content as they dabbled their fingers daintily in the finger bowls and watched the people about them.

The Blue Stocking squinted short-sightedly through her glasses and then bowed to a young woman just coming in.

"There's Mollie Merriwether," she said. "What a long time she's had—wasn't she in the parlor when we came in?"

The Ordinary Girl nodded. "Oh, yes," she said. "That's nothing. Lots of girls do that."

"Do what?" and the Blue Stocking turned a questioning gaze across the table.

"Why, hang around the hotels, and any other downtown place where they can decently stay. It seems to be a regular fad with lots of them to stay downtown as much as possible. I know girls who start out in the morning and lunch downtown, and go to a matinee and just barely get home in time for dinner. They do anything and everything they can think of—that's downtown. They seem to have an aversion to their homes."

The Ordinary Girl began to sketch on her menu the design of a gown at the next table.

The Blue Stocking winked in astonishment.

"You don't mean it!" she exploded. "You don't mean that girls just—just hang around?"

"Certainly. They like it."

"But—but what do their mothers think?"

"Their mothers? Oh, mercy, you are behind the times. They don't ask, I imagine. If they do, they aren't discouraged, or don't obey order. Don't you know that the modern young woman looks after herself?"

"Yes, that's all right—if she knows how," and the Blue Stocking wrinkled her forehead. "But this doesn't seem to show that she does. I should say they needed chaperones or spanking, one of the two. Where do they 'hang out' besides the hotels?"

"Oh, sometimes in the drug stores. I knew a girl who used to be in a certain drug store most of the time. She consumed just oceans of phosphate and soda and ice cream. Her father was a doctor and had an account there, and she added her drinkables to the list—got the pharmacist to put them in as drugs, and her father didn't pay much attention to his bills, except to send checks for them, so he never caught on at all."

"Mercy on us! What a state of things! But how did you find out about it?"

"Oh, no. I haven't been reduced to that yet. My home has still a few attractions, if I do so much downtown now and then. I can stay in it, even when I have other places to go to. But I found out about her legitimately enough. Yet Mason told me, I bowed to her one day when he was alone, and he seemed scandalized and asked how I knew her, and when I told him who she was he nearly fainted. He goes to that store for things, but she'd talked to him there and evidently given him a very bad impression of herself."

"I don't wonder. It would anybody. What became of that girl?"

"Oh, she's married—to a man she did not meet in that fashion, I fancy. She's gone, but there are dozens of others. Now don't ruffle up like an outraged turkey gobbler. You can't mend the ways of the world, nor even of the girls who are in it. Poor dears, they must have something to do and as it's safe to suppose that the mind of a girl who will hang around a hotel or a store for employment isn't capable of doing anything else, why let them alone? A girl who'll do it isn't worth fussing about."

"I don't know," said the Blue Stocking, slowly. "I think she is. Most people are. The thing is, who's going to do the fussing? Did that particular girl you told about have a mother?"

"Oh, yes, and a nice one. She thought the girl was visiting her friends those afternoons. I suppose."

The Blue Stocking's eyes flashed behind her glasses. "Why didn't she find out?" she exclaimed, so explosively that the woman whose gown the Ordinary Girl was sketching turned square around and gave a fine front view to the amateur sketcher.

"They say that if the mistresses were better trained it would solve the servant girl problem. I think that if the mothers were trained it would solve the idle girl problem. Nothing better to do? Oh!" The Blue Stocking looked so ferocious that the waiters eyed her

suspiciously, and the woman with the gown seemed worried.

The Ordinary Girl laughed.

"You're awfully behind the times," she said, teasingly. "Don't you know that the modern American mother as a general rule spends most of her time nowadays in being her daughter's sister? You read it in novels and in magazines, and see it in plays, and hear it in conversation. She looks more like her elder sister. 'It's what they all

want to be. It's only the woman hopelessly older than her daughter who is willing to take the regulation mother role nowadays—either that or a woman who's awfully behind the times."

The Blue Stocking rose majestically. "Then," she said, "then I think it's about time the American mother of today went into training, or what will be the mothers of the next generation? Younger sisters, I presume. And she glared all the way out of the restaurant—Cleveland Pihan Dealer.

## Home-Made Wills

How Legacies Go To the Wrong People.

Dr. John Willis, physician to George III, left his personal ornaments by will to a friend, distributing his remaining effects to others.

"Personal ornaments" is a phrase which very few people would have any difficulty in defining. But in this case it puzzled the court of chancery. The doctor was in the habit of carrying about his person the following articles: A gold pencil case, an ivory toothpick, a gold eyeglass, a silver lip salve box, a pocketbook and a case of instruments. Which of these were personal ornaments? Most people would not go beyond the gold eyeglass in their enumeration. The court, after a lot of learned argument about the uses of pencil cases, shirt pins and such things, came to the decision that the toothpick, the eyeglass, the pencil case and the lip salve box were personal ornaments, while the pocketbook and the surgical instrument case were not. The master of the rolls, however, disagreed, declaring that he would not call the toothpick an ornament.

This case shows what a muddle the average man is likely to make of his will when he draws it up himself. He may frame a perfectly valid legal document, but if his heirs are at all litigious, the chances are that his property will be distributed in a way he never intended. The courts are kept constantly at work expounding these home wills, and their decisions are alarming to the man who wants his possessions divided according to his own wishes.

For instance, somebody left all his property to be divided among his "male nephews," and probably he expected his sisters' sons to get a share. But the judges decided that "male nephews" means the sons of brothers only, and excludes the sons of sisters.

The only way to be sure that legatees will receive their legacies is by taking care to mention each by name. And even then the courts may thwart the testator's desires. To save time a wealthy gentleman bequeathed his property to all relatives of his own name. Did this mean the whole family, including married sisters and daughters, or only those whose names had the same sound as his own? It appears that it means the latter, unless some other words in the will point to the contrary. So that while a daughter-in-law or a niece might get her legacy, a married daughter would receive nothing. Curiously, if the daughter had changed her name by act of parliament

instead of by marriage she would remain a rightful heir.

Another testator left his effects to his "dearly beloved wife," not mentioning her by name. After the will was made the wife died, and the husband married again. Then he died and the question arose whether the second spouse was his "dearly beloved wife" under the will. The courts decided that she was not.

At present a second marriage revokes a will previously made, so this difficulty will not arise again. But a similar one is possible. If a man were to leave all he possessed to "his dearly beloved," appointing her as sole executrix, and neither calling her "wife" nor mentioning her name, the will would be held to be uncertain, and it would not give the property to the wife.

Should a will maker desire to exclude unworthy daughters from a share, he would have to be very precise in his expression. If, for instance, he willed his property to those "who, being a son or sons, shall attain the age of twenty-one," this, according to a chancery decision, would include daughters.

In specifying the different kinds of property, it seems almost impossible to express oneself accurately. If you leave your "household furniture and effects" to your wife, she would be entitled to the horses and carriages, but not to the jewelry. If you left her "all utensils," this would not include either plate or jewels. The word "plate" is a risky word to use, for if there is solid gold or silver plate in the house, as well as plated articles, the word "plate" in your will does not include the latter. But "plate" and "china" will carry, among other things, such articles as gold and silver snuff boxes.

Suppose you have a silver snuffbox, an ivory fan, a scent bottle, a brooch, some pictures, curious ivory heads and other things of the kind, how are you to distribute them? Very likely you cannot do it.

Anyhow, if the judges are asked to interpret your will, you may feel assured that your wishes stand a poor chance of being carried out—for it has been decided that:

Trinkets include ivory bracelets, gilt rings, brooches, scent bottles and ivory fans. But they do not include a plain German silver snuff box. Do they include a plain gold snuff box or a chased German silver snuff box? Fate only knows. In any case, "objects of virtue and taste" do not include pictures. These go with the furniture.

## SINKING OF A SUBMARINE

Remarkable Story Told by Eye-Witness of the "A 8" Disaster.

(London Standard.)

The Plymouth trawler Chanticleer, the crew of which rescued the four survivors of the recent submarine disaster, has returned from her fishing cruise, having been absent since the work of rescue was so admirably carried out. The crew consists of the master, Richard Johns, and the two deck hands, Edward Knox and James Phillips.

"When I first saw the submarines," said Mr. Johns, "the two of them were following the torpedo boat in a line on end, the three vessels being about 100 fathoms apart. How fast they were going I shouldn't like to say, but it was certainly at a high rate of speed. The torpedo boat was kicking up a white froth under her counter, and the submarines were tearing through it in a perfect sluice of foam."

"When I first took notice of these craft they were heading away from us, but very soon after this they took a

But it must not be forgotten that further details do not include books. It naturally strikes one that the disposal of money should be a very simple matter. But it is not so by any means. There are many conflicting decisions about it.

If you left all your "cash" to a friend, he would also receive your Bank of England notes. If you left him your "ready money," he would get all the cash in the house and all money at the bank's, whether on deposit or in current account. If you left him your "money," he would receive all the money in the house and at the bank, also sums of money due on promissory notes, etc.—that is, sums actually due and payable, waiting only to be demanded. Some judges would not give him sums due at a future time; others would, as well as advancements of various kinds; and, according to one decision, he would get all the personal property not otherwise disposed of.

But if you left someone else your debts, for debts have been decided to include money at the bank, and even a bill of exchange there deposited. Then, if you kept some curious pieces of current coin among your medals, these would not go to the person who got the money, but to him who received the medals.

Even your linen would prove a puzzle. Suppose you were to bequeath your "linen," the legatee would get all—table, bed and all other linen. But if you said, "all linen and clothes of all kinds," then he would receive only your body linen; he would probably get nothing at all, for the phrase is too uncertain.

If you willed somebody all your "worldly goods," he would receive only your personality. But if you said "my worldly estate," or "my worldly substance," then he would receive "everything."

Clearly, when a man makes his own will he has no certain knowledge as to who will get his property. His solicitor does not know, the most learned judge could not tell him, for it all depends on the humor of the court before which the will may be brought—Answers.

long, sweeping curve, and came bearing down directly toward us. The torpedo boat went across our bows, and so did the first submarine, which had the figures "A 7" painted on her top side. But we were going through the water all the time ourselves, and I reckoned that if the second submarine tried to cross us in this fashion she would be cutting it rather too fine. I was following the rule of the road by merely holding steadily to my own course. There were people on top of the cone or tower of each submarine, and I allowed them to have their eyes open and knew what they were about.

"There was a lieutenant on the cone of this sternmost submarine, No. A 8. I could spot him by the two gold rings on his cuff. I take it that he saw he could not cross our bows, and decided to change direction so as to pass under our stern. Anyhow, he called something down below. These boats, you know, are steered by a wheel placed down close under the conning tower. The helmsman cannot see where he is going, but can only obey instructions. The craft was so close to us at this moment that we could plainly hear the clucking of her motor and the noise of the water parted by the thrust of her hidden bow.

"We three men, who saw the accident happen under our very noses, are all agreed as to exactly how it came about. The submarine was going very fast, as I have told you. She looked well trimmed, and was going along on a level keel, though perhaps just a little deep, which I am told was due to her carrying a double crew. When the lieutenant shouted below to change course—so as to clear our vessel, as I allow—the man at the wheel must have spun his helm hard over. The boat came curving round in a hiss of white froth, and began instantly to heel over. You must have noticed that if the helm of a steam launch or any high speed small craft is suddenly jammed over, it will throw her broad on her side. I have several times seen naval picket boats almost capsized in Plymouth Sound by this same cause.

"Well, as I say, the submarine came swerving round in a way that brought my heart into my throat. The lieutenant saw what was going to happen; never a doubt of it. I heard him roar out in a startled voice, 'D—n it, man, what are you doing? You'll have us all over!' Then, a second later, a voice that sounded as shrill as a woman's shrieked out, 'Oh, she's gone!'

The submarine rolled right over, until her cone was flat on the water, and her bow rose up until we could see the stem. The four men were simply flung off her deck as she went roaring on; then there came a strange, sobbing sound, and all of a sudden she had vanished. You may believe that every word I am telling you is the honest truth when I say that the submarine was no more than fifteen yards away from our port quarter when she disappeared. They say there was an explosion as she went down. There may have been; but all I can tell you is what I saw. I never saw two mates saw or heard anything of the kind. It was a shocking job for the suddenness of it; one instant a big gleaming boat buzzing through a race of foam, the next a blank sea with four men struggling in it.

"Our punt, a great heavy boat six-

teen feet long and weighing three quarters of a ton, if an oar was laid on her bilge along the fore part of the deck, up against the bulwark. To have unshipped the gangway and slid her out in our usual fashion would have meant time. I dropped the helm and ran forward, crying out to my mates, who were silent and made no death. Out boat to save life, for God's sake! However we did it I shall never understand to my dying day. We must have had the strength of giants given us for the occasion. But in less time than it takes to tell you about it we had shouldered up that heavy punt until her keel rested on the bulwark rail, and then ran her sheer overboard. We were well high being in too much hurry, for nobody thought of making her fast. Luckily, I saw that the end of her chain painter—trawlers always tow their boats with a chain painter—was hanging over her bows, and just managed to grab hold of it as she soured aloft.

"Knox and Phillips jumped sprawling into the boat, and flung the oars as they like a brace of madmen. I ran aft to the helm and put it hard down, so as to bring the vessel up head to wind. We were only fifteen yards away from the spot where the torpedo boat had been when the four men lay. One of them, a pebbly-faced fellow, had heavy sea boots, and, oilskins on, dragging him down, and the lieutenant was doing all that mortal could to support him. It took four men to pull the poor fellow in, and he went all in a heap in the bottom of the boat, sobbing out: 'God bless you fishermen for saving my life!'

"By this time the torpedo boat had seen what had happened, and, stopping her engines, lowered her little cockleshell of a boat. But for some reason which I can't explain this craft filled with water at once and was useless. Perhaps the speed at which the torpedo boat was going toward her when she was lowered. Our own boat now came alongside, and the first question I asked was: 'Are there any more of you in that sunken craft?'

"Fifteen more, God help them!" came back the answer, and the lieutenant put his hand to his eyes and groaned. I asked whether they would come aboard our trawler, but the officer, in a broken voice, said no; they would get on the torpedo boat. This vessel now came steaming close up alongside of the smack, with the other submarine following in her wake. We put the four survivors on board the torpedo boat, and her commander thanked us for what we had done, and I could have sat down and cried like a child over the horror of it all. Then got our boat aboard again and bore away to sea."

Charles Kent, baritone, Saltair today.

## DIAMOND COAL.

Sold only by Citizens' Coal company. Removed to 155 S. Main. Phone 49.

Dr. W. F. Carver, champion shot of the world, fancy shooting exhibition at Saltair, 4:30 today, free.

Willard Youngdale, violinist, and Henry Hilger, cornet soloist, with La-soon Sunday, Aug. 6.

# Clearance Sale of Entire Summer Stock of Stylish Suits at Keith-O'Brien Co.

Our buyers being now East the time has come for preparation for shipments for advanced fall styles. This means unusual activity in the section for women's ready-to-wear apparel—a strong effort will be made to close out the entire stock of summer suits. The secret, in a large measure, for good dressing at a small cost, is that clever women take advantage of just such sales as this to replenish their wardrobe. The entire stock has been divided into lots and will be closed out at prices most advantageous to the shopper.

### Lot No. 1--Up to \$7.50, for \$2.95.

This assortment comprises wash shirt-waist suits, all of which are very latest expressions of simple, yet charming, style. Included in the lot is the famous Waldorf suit—well tailored and thoroughly up to date. These suits run in price up to \$7.50. Special price, \$2.95.

The season's leading shades are shown and all the popular fabrics.

### Lot No. 2--\$6.75 to \$9.50, for \$3.95.

This showing is a very handsome one—wash shirt-waist suits in cotton voiles, chambrays, and dimities. These suits have retailed at \$6.75, \$7.50, \$8.75 and \$9.75. Stylish, becoming, possessing the lines which ensure graceful fit.

### Lot No. 3--Up to \$13.50, for \$4.95.

You will be much interested in this display of shirt-waist suits and dresses—figured lawns, white and colored linens and French chambray suits. Any one of these suits is sure to please the woman who prides herself in dressing neatly and stylishly. Each suit has that rare touch of style, that graceful fit—so much appreciated—imbuing the wearer with the pleasant satisfaction of being well dressed.

### Lot No. 4--\$8.50 to \$18.50, for \$6.75.

Here we will find jaunty white coat suits in duck and union linen, reflecting the leading ideas of style. The entire stock of these suits will be sold. These suits are the work of the highest-priced designers. After you have seen their good style, the smart designs, the neat work upon them, we are willing to trust to your judgment—for such suits are worth every cent of the regular prices.

### Lot No. 5--Half Prices.

The remainder of our summer stock, including Summer Gowns, Shirt-Waist Suits and Coat Suits.

In this lot are linen shirt-waist suits, embroidered and plain. These are to be found in white and colors, fancy gowns and a few linen coat suits.

## Broken Lines of Corsets

In white, light blue and pink; long and short hip; high or low bust, in silks and coutiles.

\$4.00 to \$8.00 values for \$2.25 \$8.00 to \$14.00 values for \$3.25

These corsets are broken in sizes and are soiled.

## Lovely Waists

A LITTLE DIFFERENT and BETTER

Waists especially made for Keith-O'Brien Company. We pay a little more to have these waists possess those distinctive touches that give individuality. They are not like the ordinary run of waists. The stock will appeal to the dainty dresser. Carefully finished in every particular. These are some of the reasons why Keith-O'Brien is acknowledged the leader in waists. And best of all are the special prices. They mean fair and square reductions.

WHITE LAWN and DOTTED SWISSES—In all sizes, some are slightly soiled; values from \$2.25 to \$3.00, for..... \$1.35

ROYAL—Pretty white lawn waists of the Royal make, tucked front and back, and with a stylish stock to match; regular price \$2.45, for..... \$1.95

SWISS WAISTS—Fine dotted Swiss waists; one-inch pleats front and back; splendid styles; some have lace capes, which make a pretty effect; regular \$4.00 for..... \$2.95

LAWNS—A nice line of lawn waists; hemstitched tucks; some are trimmed in embroidery; regular price \$1.00, for..... 65c

LAWNS—One line of white lawn waists; surplus embroidered front, good style, regular \$1.75, for..... 95c

LAWNS WITH ELBOW SLEEVES—One of the prettiest styles is the white lawn waist with elbow sleeves; lace yokes made in various styles; fine material; button at back; very handsome; \$9.50 for \$4.75; \$9.00 for..... \$4.50

This Interesting Sale Starts Monday

This Store will close on Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of our employees.

## \$1.95 Women's Oxfords

Pretty, dressy styles in tans, canvas, patents and vicis kid. Regular \$2.50 and \$3.

## 45c Women's Canvas Leggings

For canyon or mountains.

## \$2.95 Men's and Women's "Putee" Leggings

Regular \$4.00 and \$5.00 grades. Best of leather.

